

THRESHOLD

creative arts magazine



08

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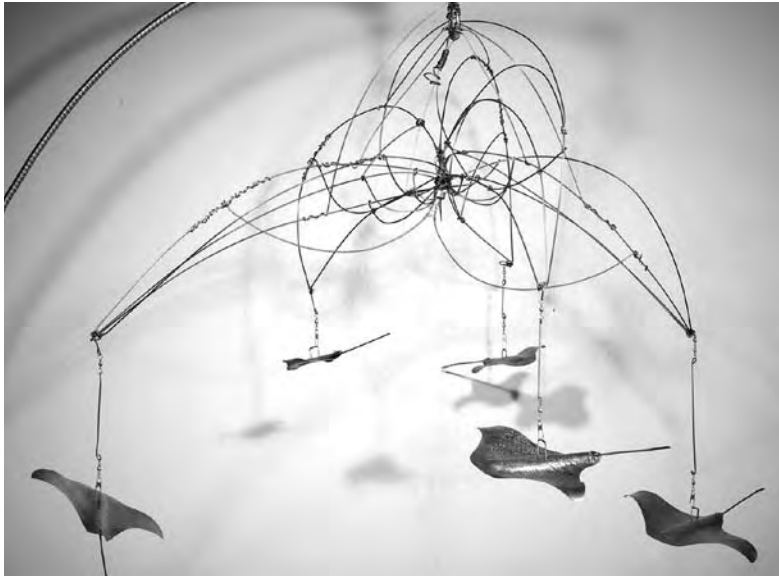
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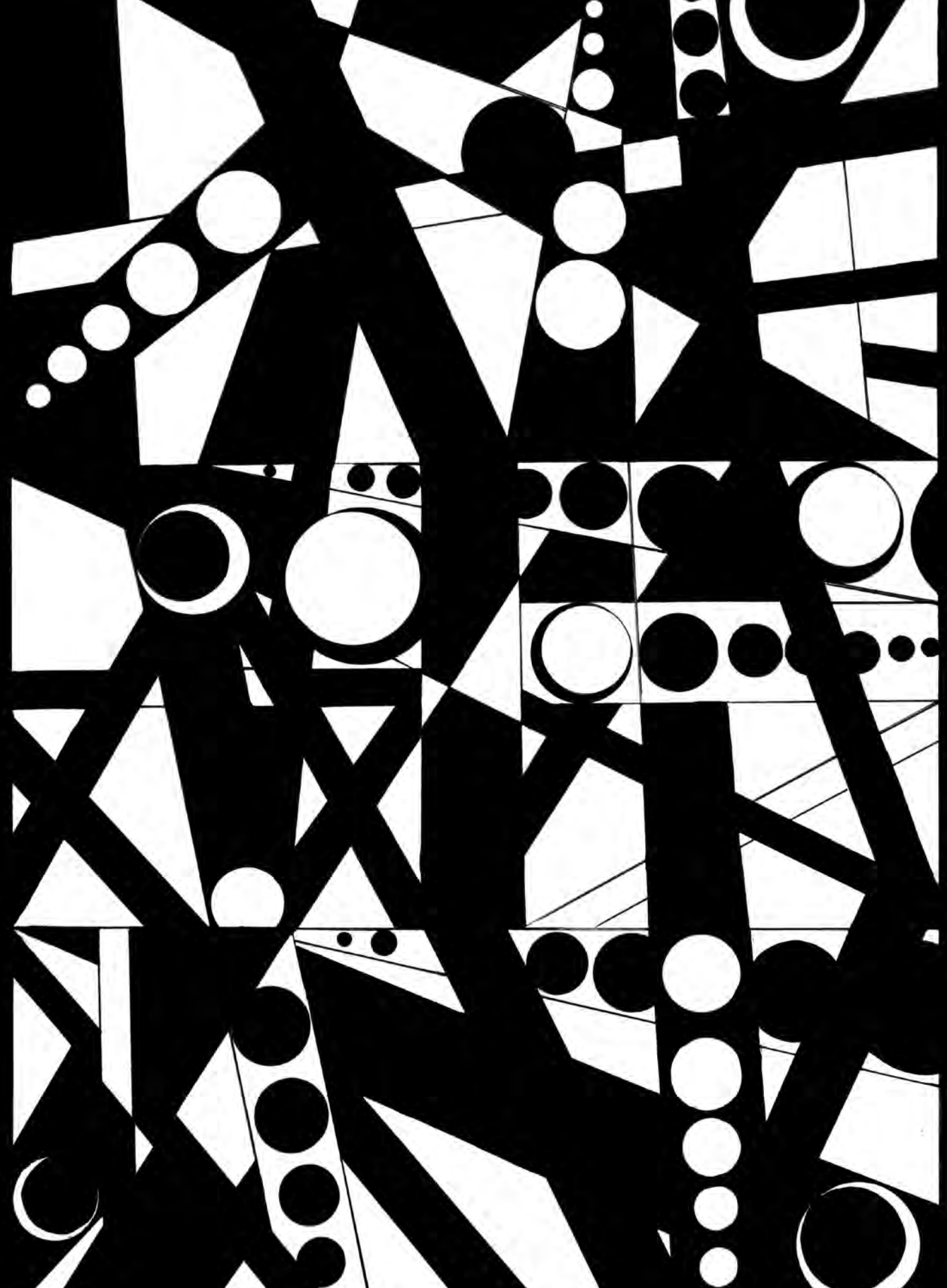
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OUR WORDS. OUR ART.
THRESHOLD
creative arts magazine



Cover sculpture by Gilbert McCann
Threshold cover design by Spenser Palmer



Design by Mandi Lopez

AAILING MUSE

by Lindsey Parker

This is Quincy, Mass.
and I am missing
you, and the outdoors,
and girls in pink
dresses paddling canoes,
and dinners filled with
scrambled eggs and white
wine. Ever since you
gave up speaking and
started spelling words, with
a grave exclusivity,
(s-t-o-m-a-c-h ache)
the only horoscope I can read
is Cancer. It doesn't take
a deep understanding
of arithmetic to realize
your days are numbered;
I only hope there's time
for one more conversation
about Abigail Adams and
her good intentions. One
more remembrance of the
bricklayer's hands that
melted you like so much butter.



Sculptures by Paul Esposito

Print by Maria Lyda

1978
1978
1978

by Aissa de Sela

Print by Maria Lynn

1978
1978
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1978
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1978
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1978
1978
1978

by Aissa de Sela

Big sister sun standing in grey shadow cast by the eucalyptus tree,
Your burnished, golden hair dimmed, face at a partial eclipse.

Little sister moon beside you, facing full light, dark stresses absorbing the warmth.
Squinting in a grimace from the shine.

Two somber hood ornaments for the egg-shell white Pinto with the plaid butterscotch interior.
Flannel shirts in red, white, and blue for you, mine in orange and grey,
Bell bottom jeans and attempts at feathered hair.

No smiles are found in this moment, fall of 1978.

Sun and moon traveling, road trip through Technicolor tulips off California's I-5,
Harbingers of hope as far as we could see.
Hurried snapshot of two bright smiles, by the side of the fire-engine red Triumph.
Back in the car and we are going, going, gone.

leaving the old ones to keep house in the garage
where she sat in the car one morning
and just let it run.



AWFULLY ELEGANT

by Phil Ebarb

You can see from the lines of distress
etched in each and every lie of a smile
that everything will always be “just fine”

and as you stand there
spiteful in that dress
red outlining gold in the pattern of your skin

know that this is what it looks like
when hate meets fear and is bottled up inside
this proud effigy of a lust for better days

protrudes out in hallways and still
empty desks pull our gazes toward them lure us in
so the owners can tell a lie of a tale

we knew wasn’t true to begin with
even as these photographs steal from us
a happiness we never had you can see

the slow steady progression of our
artfully placed smiles toward the reality of tears
the leaves are falling as our gardens

make their way into a full and beautiful bloom
and even as we and our worlds
live and fight and die

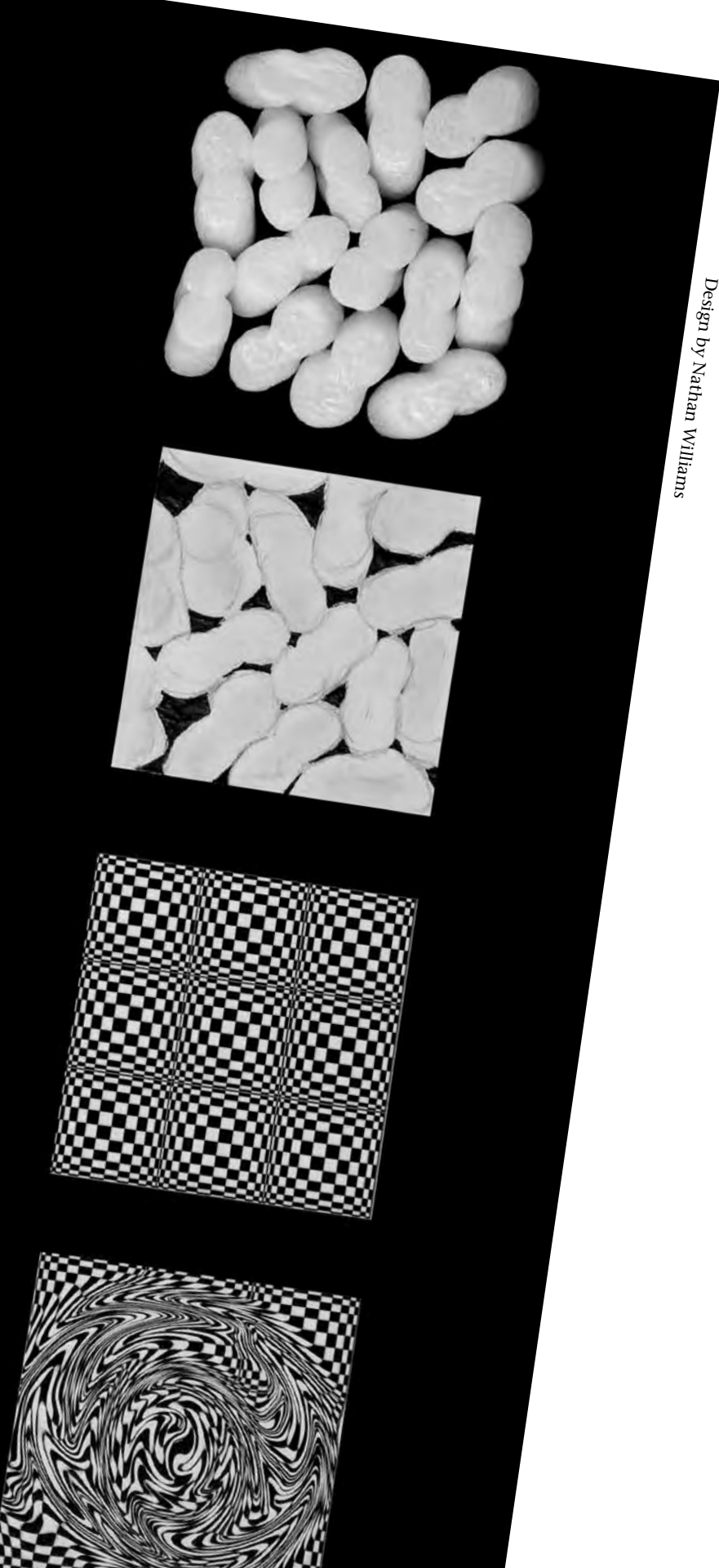
these sad photographs stay along for the ride
a tribute to our fear of change
and as we are dying and cursing

the heavens at our misfortune
the photographs stay mockingly
as a reminder

We knew all along

Drawing by Filmer Kewanyama





Design by Nathan Williams

TRANSFORMATION

by Carol Cook

Fresh dog turds
bleeding yellow into newly fallen snow.
Life
changing form.
Energy
changing direction,
Finding its way
to the roots of a pine tree.

Drawing by Jennifer Shinohara



Woodworking by Raymond Wagner





Print by Mara Christason

TUNA BREATH TEMPTATION

by Hilary Davis

Inches from my face
His lips part
And invite the scent of the sea
To play in the air between us
It rolls down his tongue
In thick curls of invisible smoke
I can smell the salt bubbling waves
Taste the sea spray on my tongue
Feel the feathery seaweed brushing by my legs
As the remnants of the
Gilled perfume
Flood my senses
A fillet of fantastic fragrances all in one
Swim into my lungs
Satisfying them beyond oxygen intake
Dizzily drowning
In sea-sweet ecstasy
There is nothing to do but
Close the gap between our tongues and teeth
So I can drink in
Your tuna breath temptation

ELEVEN



Wood turning by Josh McClintock



Ceramic by Betty Miklius



Photograph by Paul Smith

FRAGILEBUTTERFLIES

by Larry G. Provence

The afghan knitted by my deceased mother was tucked around his bone-thin legs. The silent way the wheelchair glided on the deep piled beige carpet seemed to hush the cancer like a secret. The doctor said that they likely would be temporary. Temporary? Which would be temporary the need for the wheelchair? or my father's life? or perhaps both. Everything really is temporary isn't it? Even us, who believe we will live on and on somehow, will be turned like pages in a once read book.

It was inevitable. This morning I rose before the sun and I will set after the sun tonight just as I always do regardless of the season. Alarm off. Slippers and robe on. Shuffle to kitchen to make coffee because there is no cold stagnant brewed residue waiting. Old coffee is still coffee and still does its work as far as I am concerned. Place mug on microwave turn table and press beverage setting. Distract myself with routine. The coffee will be done just the same as yesterday; it is inevitable.

"Would you please hand me the cup of water? My throat is parched." Dad had wakened and whispered after turning his head slightly towards me.

"Sure dad, here." He slowly raised his right hand to the straw that felt its way to his lips. The water was drawn up through the translucent straw for a second then retreated back like a tiny clear elevator going up then down a thin shaft. "How did you sleep last night? Or rather did you sleep at all?"

"Don't worry about my rest, Randall. Sit down and let me feel your presence in the room. You bring comfort to me in my old age, especially since Mary died. I have fought my share of battles during my life. Some victories turned out to be failures, on the other hand some failures turned out pretty good. It has been damn tough losing my mobility. It's like losing my freedom. Let me share a word with you. You have much to offer, actually more than you realize. I believe it is time for you to carry on my work."

"Dad, you need your rest. You will wear yourself out trying to talk. I can sit with you. Talk if you must but we both know that I will worry if you do."

Taking the plastic cup of water from his hand, I moved it to the nearby counter. I scooted mom's rocker closer to him so I could hear without effort in hopes of catching every word the first time, like fragile butterflies that fly away with sudden movement.

As I snuggled into the antique maple rocker, memories of mom washed into my heart. I saw her knitting and rocking everyday that I came home from school, waiting to listen to me: my adventures and fears and dreams. I was lucky to have such a mom. No one knew I was so talkative and mom didn't advertise it to the world either. My memories cannot be separated from me and my tired, worried middle aged bones. She's gone now. Yet I feel her even now as I sit presently in her "listening chair."

"I will sit next to her soon, son."

He is a different story altogether.

Dad continued whispering, "It's hidden under the front porch. I hope you can find it easily. I dug a small hole to fit it in so you will likely have to prod with a strong stick. You could snap off of the old maple if you like." Dad closed his eyes coughed and asked for a Kleenex to wipe his mouth. He took another long moment to gather up his breath. His mind was slow due to age, ninety-seven. He was no spring duck.

"I never trusted banks although I admit that I did use First Avenue Bank because you worked there as manager for so long. Even so, I have seen what greed can do. Bring me what you find and we will talk. It's time."

Thus began my quest. It was inevitable.



Drawing by Rhonda Hammark

TO HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD

ADAGES FOR THE FAILED ROMANCE
by Chloe Stuff

I used to speak.
But the cat got my tongue when I put my foot in my mouth
From then on I was all ears, but I lost them, like Vincent Van Gogh
When I mailed myself to you.
Others may find it macabre.
but it's not as bad as when I gave you my heart on a silver platter,
which caused me to cry my eyes out, upon which I discovered
all that was remaining were my hands, which had been worked to the bone.

That's what happens when you try and put a square peg in a round hole.
That's what my father used to say.
But everyone knows that Mothers know best, in matters involving their little sons
But with me falling apart all over the place, the only advice she could give me was
"It's none of my business to be telling you, but when it's done, it's done."



Woodworking by Valerie JV Reger



Ceramics by Virginia Leggs

FAITH, HOPE AND CLARITY

by Catherine Miller Hahn

Thomas is my favorite disciple in all the Bible stories. Doubting Thomas. He is more my kin than my own two brothers are. Thomas and I understand each other; we are compatible. Together we wrestle with questions, most of the time seeking purpose, validation and logic for the “big four,” the literary metaphysical questions exploring life, love, death, and God. We sit writing at the computer in my sunny office sharing our doubts. Thomas comprehends writer’s block. Others have tried to help me, like Shakespeare and Hamlet with the whole “To be or not to be?” interrogatory. But it is Thomas who helps me with doubt. He is a wonderful listener; he gives me hope because we know that the questions are always more important than the answers.

Who is Thomas? It doesn’t matter if the Bible is read literally or figuratively; however the stories are interpreted, Thomas is one real character. Thomas is the one, who after Jesus rises from the

dead, has doubts but also the guts to inquire, “Unless I see the nail marks in his hands and put my finger where the nails were, and put my hand into his side, I will not believe it,” (John 10:25). I admire Thomas’ directness and praise his curiosity. When many of us read of the resurrection we have his same doubts, but we just can’t quite muster the courageous voice to verbalize them.

Thomas impresses again when Jesus answers him, “Put your finger here; see my hands. Reach out your hand and put it into my side. Stop doubting and believe,” (John 20:27). Right here, if I listen really carefully, I can hear Thomas singing the *Hallelujah Chorus* in my ear. He often sings the masterpiece for me when I make a discovery and a light bulb finally fires.

As the passage moves on, Thomas with humility and humanity does what Jesus asks, then falls to his knees in awe saying, “My Lord and my God!” (John 20:28). Here, Thomas shows not tells the definition of faith. Jesus responds, “Thomas, ‘Because you have seen me, you have believed; blessed are those who have *not* seen and yet *have believed*,’” (John 20:29). I love those words. They answer a big question and ask an even bigger one. This is why I need Thomas when I’m facing the blank computer screen.

Sometimes I don’t communicate all that clearly to God or anybody else. Yet Thomas never disappoints me; he is right here helping me find bigger questions, searching deeper into memory, fear, aspiration, idea and passion. Thomas is more than a writing buddy; he does much more than advise and critique. He is my friend, scout, guide, go between, the Sancho to my Don Quixote. Inside, side by side, we fight word windmills together. Thomas is more compassionate than a guardian angel and more real too, especially when reality is spelled with a capital R. When I am in the writing woods and there are no breadcrumbs or broken branches, it is Thomas to my rescue. When my brain obsessively turns thematic values into long, dark hours of fitful fog without sleep, Thomas

is my nightlight. When I am hitting writer’s block wall after wall, when the doors of consequence are slamming one after another, when even God takes a vacation from my neediness, Thomas hangs with me, whispering a more modern version of his Bible story, “Hey, don’t be a gutless wonder, keep the faith baby, keep writing, go on, ask another question and see where it leads.” The computer screen may be blank, but Thomas is always with me modeling both strength and frailty, faithfully kicking me in my academic pants.

I do pray in my sunny office. But, I don’t pray for the magic or the muse to come. Thomas tells me they are both here in the room already: hungry, hopeful, honest. I don’t pray for creativity; I know I am more Salieri than Mozart. I don’t pray for brilliance; I have two college degrees and almost a third, and I’ve never even had a scholarship or won an academic award, but I am Magna Cum Laude from that great institution of higher learning, the School of Hard Knocks, and Thomas says that’s something. No, that’s everything. I don’t pray that God will help me; Thomas says he is never not helping me. I don’t pray my family, friends and students will leave me alone; I wish never to be without any of them, especially my children. I don’t pray for rain, or for atmosphere, or a quieter house, or a better mood, or less physical discomfort, or even warm chocolate chip cookies fresh from the oven.

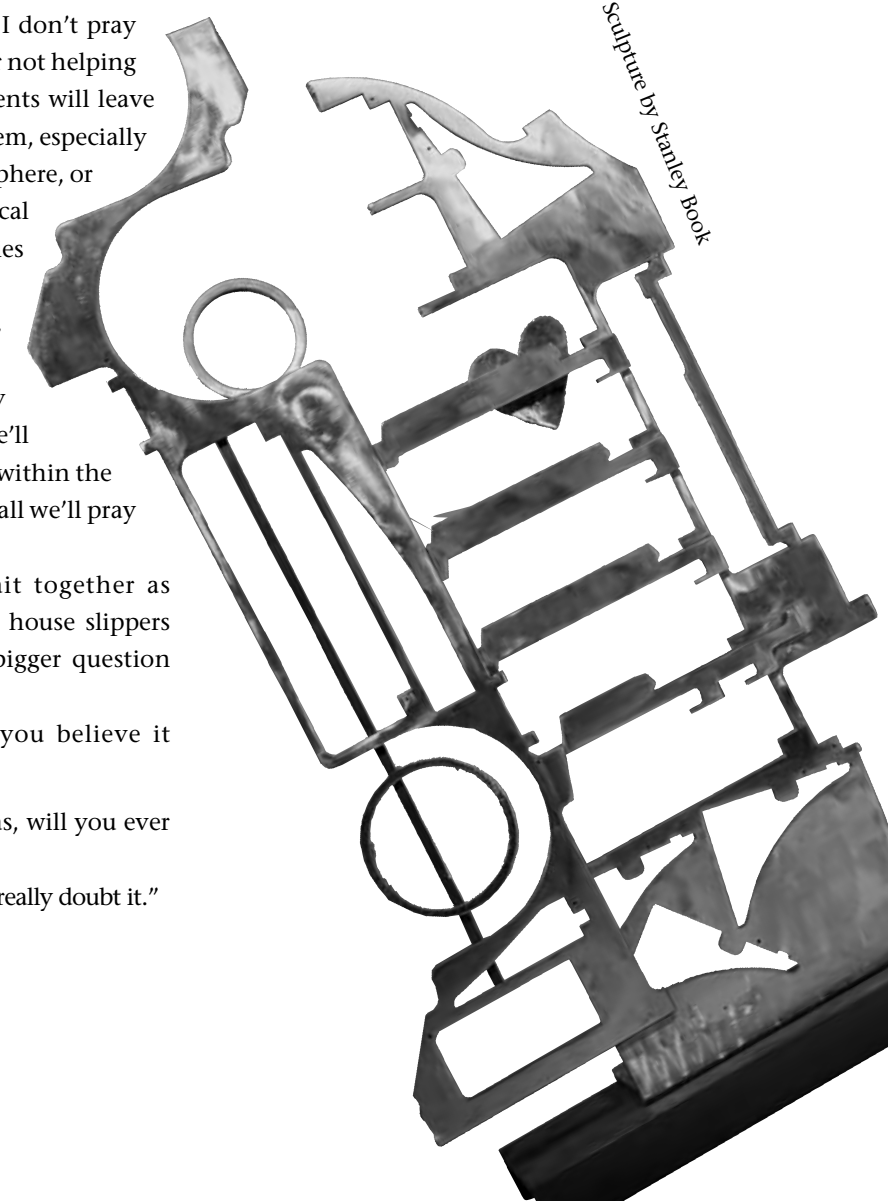
Yet I do pray, and when my doubts come, here comes Thomas, irony and all. “Oh ye of little faith,” he’ll joke, and then we’ll pray together. We’ll pray for the love in the scene. We’ll pray for the discovery. We’ll pray for the story within the story. We’ll pray that readers will care. Most of all we’ll pray for humanity. Mine.

And if the screen is still blank, we wait together as comfortable as long lost mates; two favorite house slippers reunited. “Thomas,” I say, “when will the bigger question come?”

“It comes when you don’t see it, but you believe it anyway.”

“Oh Thomas,” I sigh, “dear faithful Thomas, will you ever leave me?”

He sighs too but twinkles, “I doubt it. I really, really doubt it.”



Sculpture by Stanley Book



Photograph by Beatrix Duran

A WINTER DEATH

by Helen Shuford

the frozen ground rejects the body.

cement-hard earth must be
dug by machine
then filled in.

the mound of dirt insults
the innocence of the
snow-blanketed hills.

no headstone by tradition
may be set there
until a year has passed.

so lost that soul must be
without a name.

Photograph by Laurie Hammond



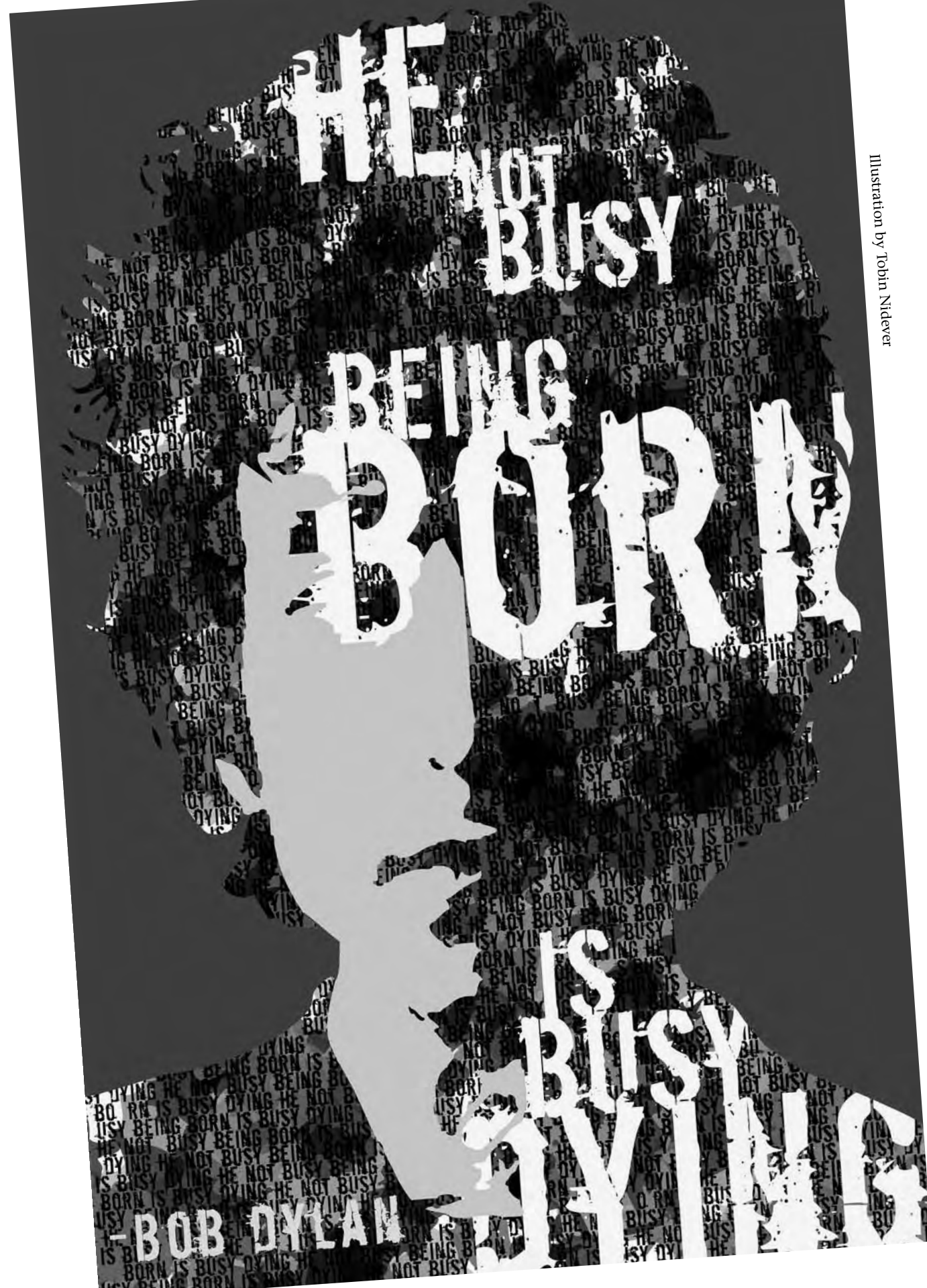


Illustration by Tobin Nidever



Ceramics by Vera Sobotka, Weaving by Anne Marston

OBJECT OF MY AFFECTION

by Lindsey Parker

A cup holds hot tea that would otherwise seep through fingers, leaving them sticky from lemon and honey. The trick is to seal china and porcelain in such a fashion that they

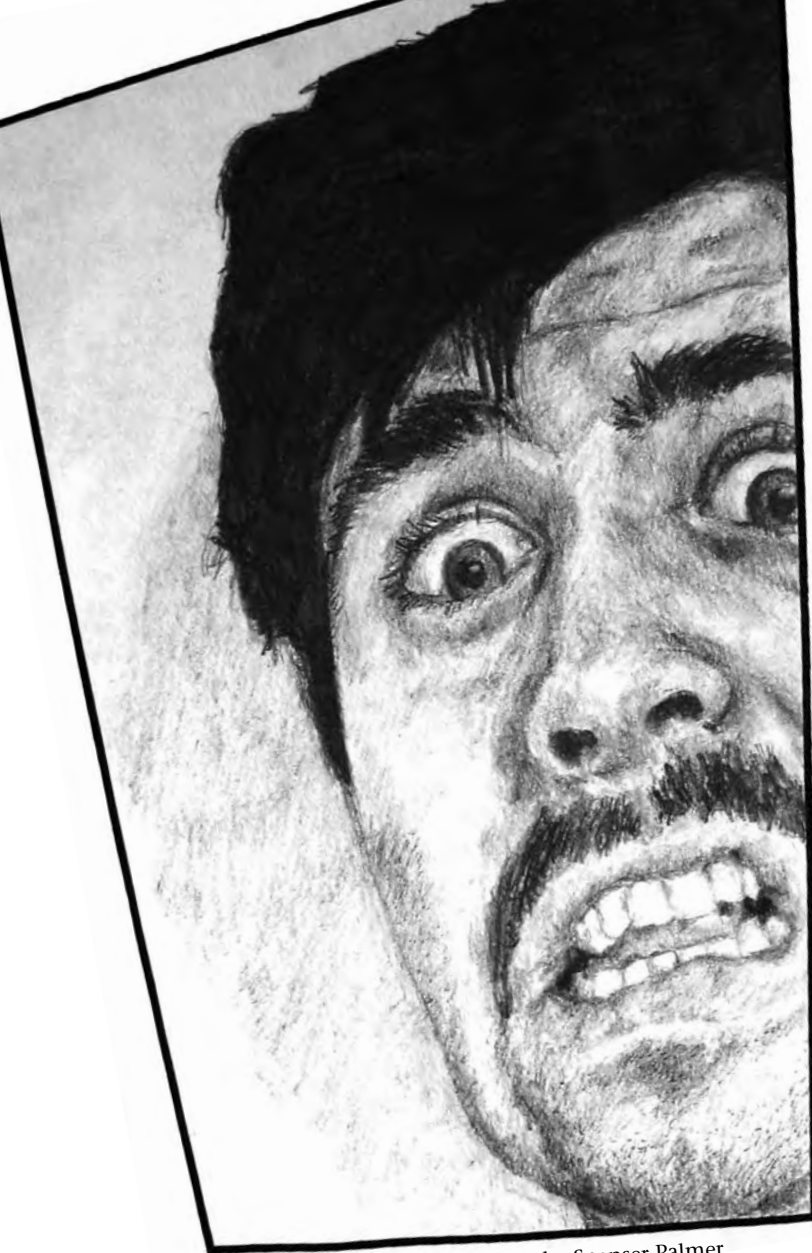
resist absorption, like bones bleached in the desert repel the rain. If you can marry your first love – do. Make sure he has a kettle; let him abandon cups and feed you tea with his fingertips.

Illustration by Amie Libby



Woodworking by Ronald Moore

Weaving by Sallie Pillian



Drawing by Spenser Palmer

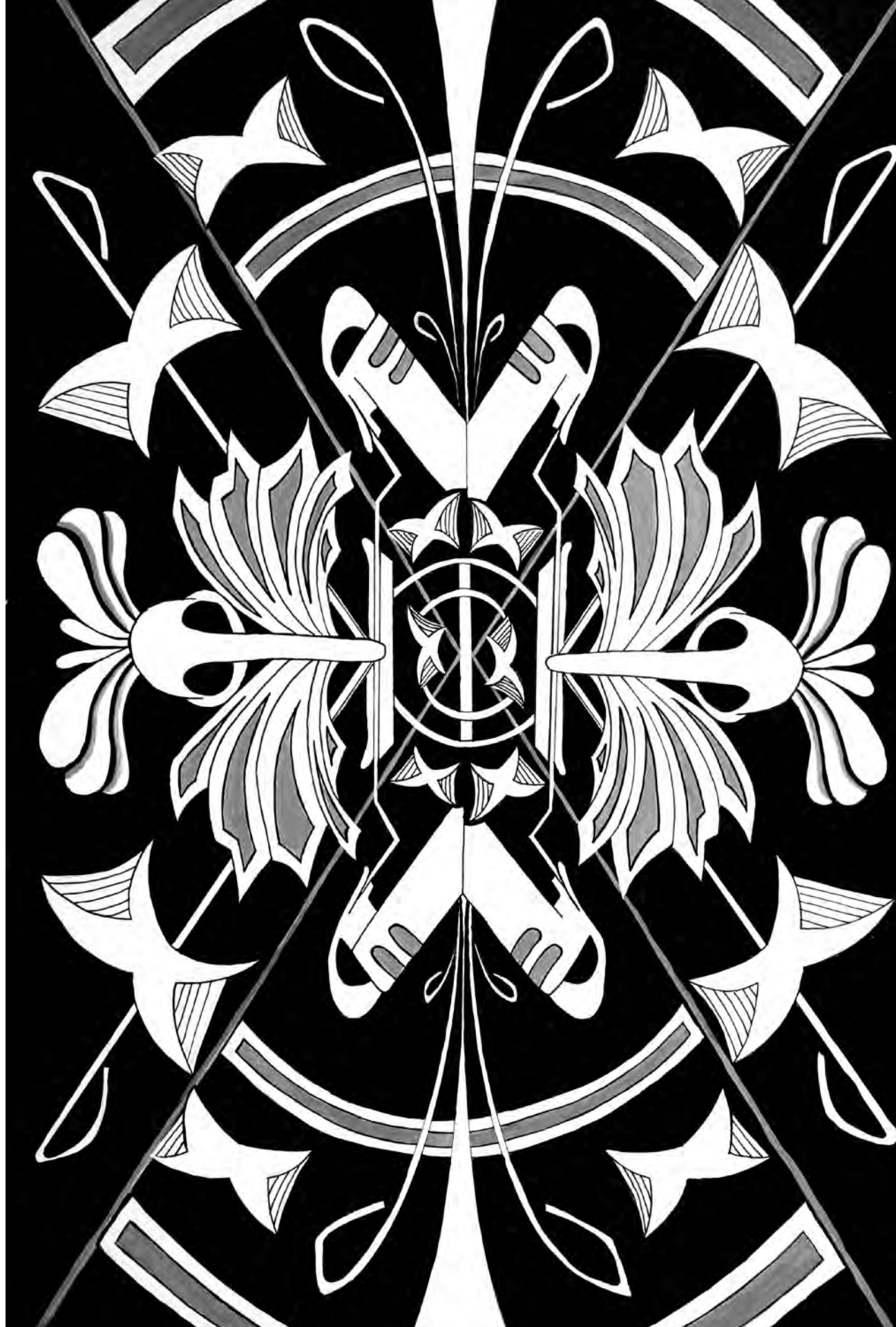
UNTITLED

by Carrie Anne Riley

I saw you
Between the dust stars,
Streaming through
The kitchen window.

A shadow of
What was to be.
A warning
Of Love
And all things
Following.

Design by Kevin Smith



A PARTICULAR POTTED PLANT

by Clare Hancock

Some plants are more stubborn than others,
the corn plant that grows in a corner of my home.

I have seen it sit on death's doorstep,
look me square in the eye and wait until

I relinquish and revive it.

Just when I think it has reached its peak in years
and its leaves are as dark as age,
new greenery bursts forth and smiles
rebellious out the window.



Jewelry by Gayle Decoux

YOU SLIP

by Cassidy Olson

You slip through my fingertips
as I sit rolling you flowers and foliage
made to be burnt like tobacco tarred
cigarettes.

I race to recognize
what it was that we once had.

Watching the ink bleed out of my pen,
I realize that love is just a four letter
word.

Photograph by Amy Gable



Sculpture by Saveria Judge





Photograph by Tobin Nidever



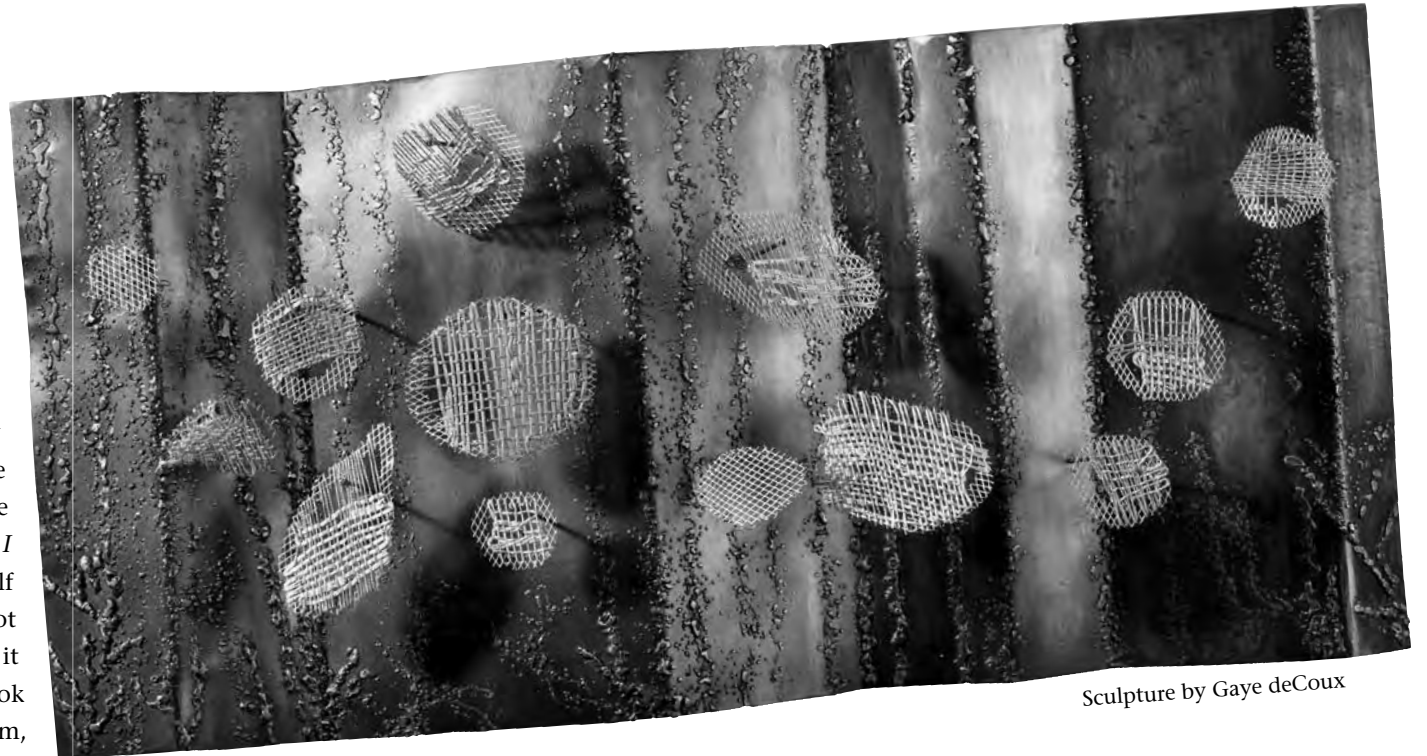
Jewelry by Nancy Pettit

KWAME

by Andrew Kuhry-Haeuser

Kwame Dishman is *the* absolute worst lay I ever had, ever. Now, most girls, when I tell 'em that, they don't even believe it. They think, since he always strut around like he all that and he got that low sweet voice and he a fly dancer, that he got to be good in bed. But lemme tell you, that 'bout the farthest from the truth you can imagine. And *I know*, cause I done it with him three and a half times (the half being because my momma got home before we could finish) and each time it wa'n't even worth the twenty seconds it took to get my pants back on. He just went boom, boom, boom, and was done, like he in a race or something. And I guess he won 'cause he look happy enough. Me, on the other hand, wa'n't happy at all since I's about to die of frustration. So I said, "Kwame, you asshole, come back here and do me right. I ain't even *near* finish." And just so he know I ain't playin', I give him one o' those looks o' mine, you know, that say, "Boy, you think you cool, but it don't matter 'cause

I like ice if I needta be," which scares the daylight's outta mos' folks I know. But Kwame don't even bat a eyelash. And he just say, "Sorry, baby, but I got to go." And I say, "Why you gots to go? You didn't have no place to be a minute ago." And then he say, all casual, like I can't read him like a book, "I just remembered. I got to meet the boys. They expecting me, and Luther gonna be real pissed if I late again." "*Luther gone be pissed?!'*" I say. "*I pissed! And if you don't get over here right now, I prove it.*" Which usually work on most people. They 'bout ready to kiss my feet just so I don't go crazy on 'em. But I guess Kwame ain' most people, 'cause he just grin again and say he gots to go. Pff! It typical, really. Hell, everyone know he never care 'bout threats anyway, so I don't know why I even try. The thing with Kwame



Sculpture by Gaye deCoux

is he think he can just smile away anything, that he just have to flash his playa shit, and we ain' gonna care no more. Like we all ain't nothing but robots or something...which I guess maybe ain't *so* crazy, cause why else wouldn't I o' stopped after that first no-point time? The thing is somehow (and I ain' got it figgered) he just make you believe, like he Jesus or something. Or maybe I just stupid. I don't know. But hell, it don't really matter anyway, since whatever I am, I still ain' no pushover, and if people like Kwame don' care what I say, then I don't mind doing what I gotta do so's I can make 'em care. Not 'cause I gone looking for it or anything. It id'n't like that at all. It just sometimes trouble come looking for *you*, and when it do that, I ain't never been good at playin' the puss. And anyways, it ain' my fault if Kwame too much of a moron to know I gots my limit.

Now, even though I sure you gone want to call my crap, I'm tellin' you dead serious, that fool, when just yesterday he done his thing in me (and I

know it hard to believe but it true), at first recess the very next day, when I'm getting my usual doughnut at the snack window, I look over and right next to Mr. Parkins' biology room I see him and *Rhondesia*. And like the bastard he is, he saying all that shit he already said before to *me*. No lie! Crap like she the finest in the school and he want to get with her bad; and Rhondesia just lapping it up and getting all wet and bothered like I ain't just been there and she didn't know it too. Bitch. And you can bet I was angry like you don't even know, and I get ready to make that *real* clear, *right* on her ass. Except...then, it start to get weird. 'Cause honestly I don't remember exactly what happen next, but I guess I just snapped or something, because next thing I *can* remember I's standing over by the biology class and my doughnut's on the ground and Rhondesia is *too*, and she screaming at me 'bout how I broke two her Lee Press Ons, and Kwame standing up against the wall, inching away from her like now she got some sort o' disease or something. And I can tell he scared o' me too, 'cause *he* can tell that *this* time I finally ain't playin'.



Photograph by SF Scaglione

UNTITLED

by Matthew N. O'Meara

he came up to me wearing typical
with stereotype on his breath
but i'm not one to judge
(not one to care much either)

she came up to him wearing typical
with stereotype on her breath
he was one to judge
and my eyes were right on cue

"yo," he said, "what's up"
to me, but it reeked of formality
I spoke not, actions yell loud enough
as if to humiliate, he laughed
he knew, she knew
yes, I spoke it in my eyes
not proudly, but unashamed
(not one to care much either)

his next formality lingered in the air
the smell wafted my way
confusion, with a hint of discontent
her first formality lingered in the air
the smell wafted my way
curiosity, with a hint of disbelief
and my eyes were right on cue
so his stare challenged them
as his hand squeezed her backside
her gasp noted a playful sort of
pleasure, in the sense that I was the game

"what's wrong with you," he implied
while he questioned my sexuality
it was my turn to laugh
she knew the answer
her amused smile told me so
as did her finger circling her breast

he whispered in her ear
she giggled something wicked
before pulling off her own shirt
and approaching me
"he's not my boyfriend you know,"
she whispered into my ear
the bra disappeared with another step
my body yawned
"tell me this doesn't turn you on,"
she spoke of her own wont

"fuck her," he insisted, "lose it"
he shifted his legs and stifled a laugh
she leaned in and ran her tongue
up the length of my neck,
before unzipping her pants
my body yawned but
my eyes were right on cue
"tell me this doesn't turn you on,"
she spoke of her own angst
my head instinctively shook
left to right, twice
our eyes met for the first time
mine said "fuck off" before
I stopped her hand from exploring
naturally speaking, not one for invasion
(not one to care much either)



Photograph by Michael Jones

SOMEBODY SHOULD TALK TO THEM BOYS

by Shawn Winfrey

It just seems a little cold-hearted, but them boys down there at that Pork-N-Bean factory have a sick sense of humor.

Knowing that we don't have any money anyway, and that's the whole reason we're eating beans in the first place, they get a big kick out of throwing in a teeny-tiny piece of salt pork. At least we think it's salt pork.

You can almost feel their eyes on you, as the can opener runs its way around the can, waiting, salivating almost, as you gently scrape every last bean from the can.

You glance over your shoulder, six eyes are locked on you like a missile towards its target. These beans are about all there is going to be to eat.

And glory hallelujah, here it comes. The almighty piece of salt pork.

How do them boys down there at that factory suggest you divey up that little salt pork?

Do you cut it up six ways?

Do you throw it to the cat to avoid confrontation, or just leave it in the can?

Any suggestions funnyboys?

Do they have some kind of drawing down there, where the winner gets to put that one tiny piece in each can for a couple of days?

Do they blow a whistle, and stop production while they choose the next contestant?

Does the guy lay awake nights in a cold sweat talking to his wife? "Honey, a terrible thing happened at work today, I put TWO count them TWO pieces of that stuff people think is salt pork in the SAME CAN! Don't you

realize what this means for criminy, I could lose my JOB!"

Did a guy really get a gold watch at retirement for never, in twenty years of service, ever putting two pieces in the same can, or was that just a rumor?

It just seems a little cruel, to those who have to eat it. The beans aren't that great anyway.

But hey, as long as you guys are having fun at work, well maybe that's all that matters.

Meanwhile, we'll just keep eating them, hoping against hope, that some dark, dreary day in our pitiful lives, TWO, count them TWO, gobs of salt pork, or whatever that really is, will come rolling out. A sign the long days of poverty are almost over.



Photograph by Cody Watson

ON THE VERDE- PASSAIC CANAL

by David Robert Boyce

I want to close my eyes
and take a leap
into the Verde-Passaic Canal.

That waterway that would connect
my home in Arizona
with my dream home in New Jersey.

Take no doubt, I love where I live—
spitting distance from Sedona's red rocks
and Flagstaff's towering ponderosa pines.

But I want to spend some time
on the Jersey soil—
eat Brazilian in Ironbound,
ride the PATH to Hoboken,
attend church in Scotch Plains,
or window-shop in Flemington.

I envy my friend Kent
who'll spend two years of his life
where Manhattan sleeps.

And when he returns to Arizona,
we will discuss Jersey suburbs and Newark Subways,
speak with a REAL Jersey accent,
dream of grad school at Rutgers or Princeton,
talk of the Oranges of Essex County,
and tell others of thick groves of trees.

Groves so thick
that a person could get lost

and find God.



Design by Lupita Pollock

GAMBLE

by Cassidy Olson

Lips painted blood red
Cheeks blushing with powdered rouge
Fishnets tight and torn

Photograph by Amanda Faustmann



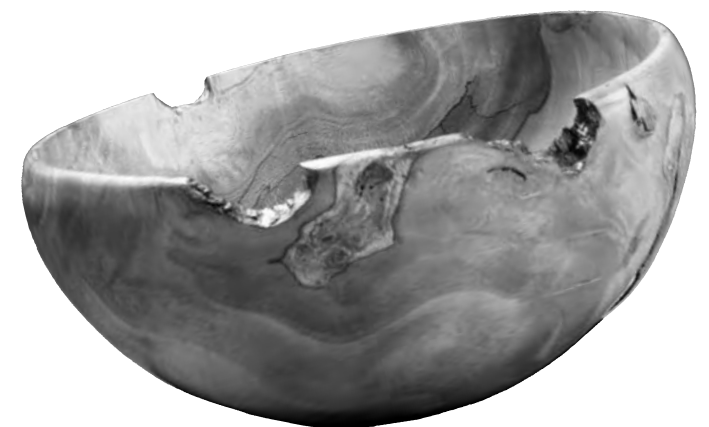


Painting by Mary Hellen Ewing

GRANDMOTHER (Satire of Mainstream Poetry) **POEM**

by Andrew Kuhry-Haeuser

I dropped my keys
Onto the kitchen
Floor the other day
And when I reached down
To pick them up,
Feeling the cold smooth linoleum
Under my fingers,
I thought, suddenly,
Of my dead grandmother,
Because at that moment
It occurred to me
That she had owned keys
As well.



Wood turning by David Piatak

THE SEA AND ME

by Jill Kearney

No other souls are about today — today the beach belongs to me, the gulls and sandpipers. The sun people have gone with the summer sun. A misty drizzle smelling of salt and seaweed has overtaken the long stretch of beach. I can still see ‘I love you’ scribbled in the sand as the waves roll in snatching the precious confession. I wonder how many ‘I love you’s’ the sea has stolen, how many castles swept away.

Soft wet sand at the foamy edge of the sea oozes between sun burnt toes as I walk the rim of the day, watching the sun fall from the edge of the earth like a scoop of orange and raspberry twilight melting in the froth below.

That moment, that sliver between dusk and dark — bright and night when the sun dissolves and winks a good night before sliding out of sight.

I stand in the moment, lingering in the quiet, tasting the salty perfume and breathing in rhythm to the white water fingers pushing and pulling the indecisive sand. It wavers and washes back and forth, refusing this wave and giving itself to the next like a hesitant lover.

Not long ago my footprints pressed this same crooked edge of foam, smoothly swaying in, only to turn back in hasty retreat — much like people.

My trail looped around sunburned bodies and bright-colored towels. The sun people chased the waves and worshipped the sun. Tiny hands gripped snow cones that ran down their arms in streamers of colored water. I played amongst them. My skin shone like a bright copper penny. My laughter easy and often.

A fire burns in the distance, pale and unseen in the presence of daylight but prevailing in the deepening blackness parted by streamers of gray-blue curls rising under the careful watch of lovers — shoulder to shoulder, breath to breath, promise to promise.

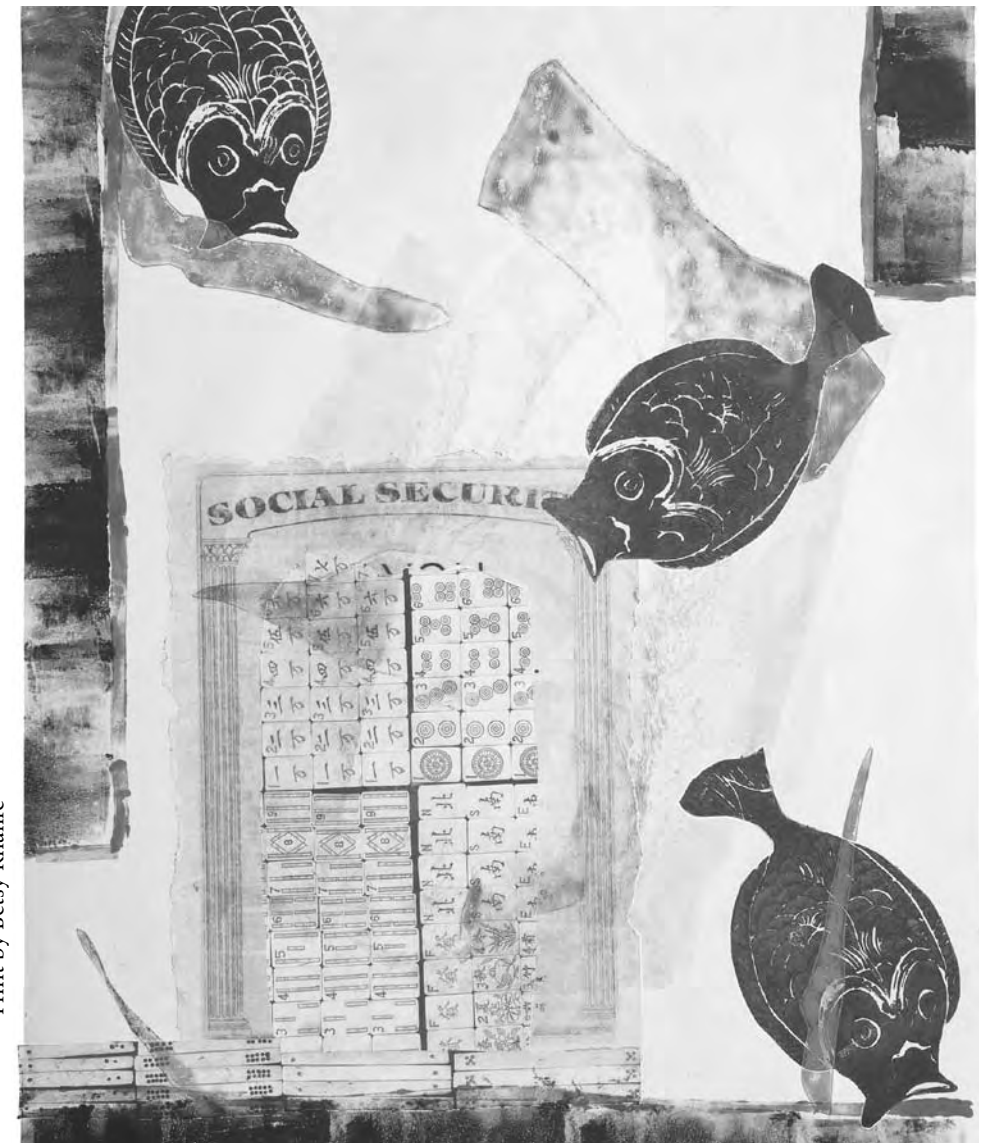
I cannot see them, but I know the story well and my vision is clouded with the image. I breathe deep with eyes closed against the night when the demons of lost love come out to dance.

The night is complete and absolute — the sun dissolved. A chill embraces me, nudging me to retreat and leave this place for the lovers and the warriors and unworshiped gods. The moment has lapsed and I take a final breath of night. Burning driftwood mingles with the fragrance of forever, the scent of untold secrets.

Lifting my face to the misty cold, I draw in a breath of memories. With a brave icy finger, I stoop to trace three words in the sand and watch as the tide carries them away.



Print by Mary Lou Asaro



Print by Betsy Khalife



Photograph by Amanda Faustmann

IT RAINED TODAY

by Denton Brown

The sky swallowed up the sun
and it poured down in sheets.

When I talked to you on the phone

I felt like the little fern in my front yard.
Arms all stretched towards the heavens
giving thanks
and feeling content.



Ceramics by Valerie JV Reger



Sculptures by Lisa Macnamara and Drew Giffen



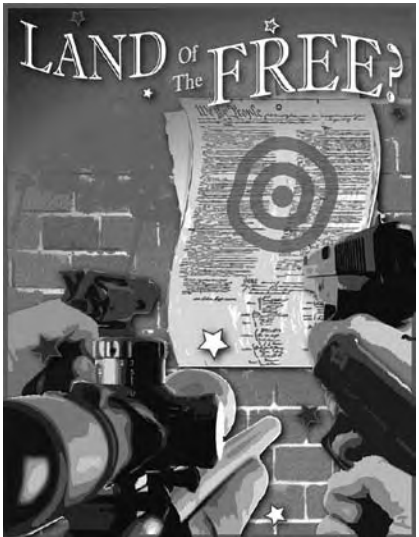
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Jennifer Archambault	Carmen Mauler
Christian Battista	Sergio Mercado
Yoko Bentley	Shannon Moseley
Dominick Byron	Tobin Nidever
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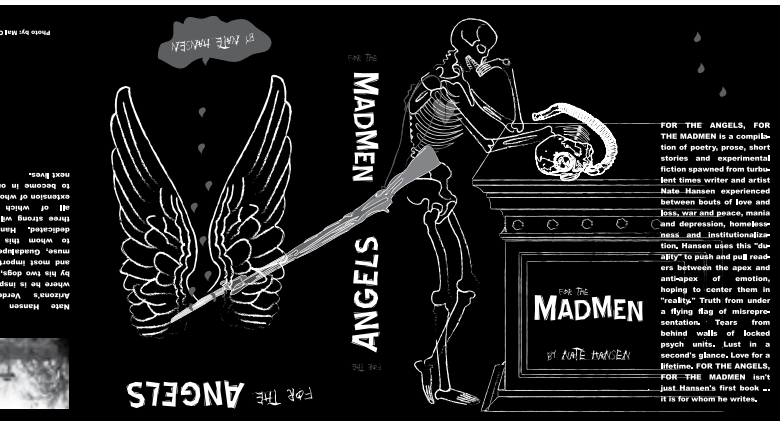
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